THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

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TERMS OF THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

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*** All Letters and communications must be post paid.

WARRIORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following is an extract from the eloquent oration of John W. Taylor, Esq. at Ballston, on the late anniversary of American Independence It is the concluding paragraph of the address. We take it from the Spa Gazette.—*Rel. Chron.*

"*Warriors of the Revolution*: 'You are in the midst of posterity.' 'You stand in our ranks, the honoured survivors of a noble band. Thousands of your companions have gone before you to receive the patriot's reward We recognize in you the Representatives of departed and of living heroes. The shades of Montgomery and Mercer rise to our view. Your memories supply the place of many a long lost comrade. Suppress those tears. Your silvered locks are crowned with a nation's blessing. You, we congratulate, on the manifold causes of gratitude and joy which have passed before us To have contributed in your measure, to their accomplishment, is distinction enough to satisfy the highest aspirations of a patriots bosom We rejoice that your lives, and the life of him, who in glowing language state our wrongs, and framed that declaration of independence so manfully sustained by your youthful valor, have been prolonged to see the glory of our country, and to honour its Jubilee Sanguine as were the hopes, which in early life marshalled your array, and placed you in the front of the battle, no imagination could then conceive; no fancy dared then portray; the national prosperity your eyes have witnessed. Gathered as you must be, one by one, to the great congregation of your companions in arms, you will descend to the tomb sustained and encouraged by these consolations, that though man dies his country lives; that your bodies, resting from their labours, will repose in a land of freedom; and that your sufferings and achievements, will be held in remembrance by a grateful people, until earthly distinctions shall be lost and forgotten, in the brighter glory of celestial existence"

REMINISCENCE.

In 1799, when the tidings of the news of the death of the Great *Washington*, First President of the United States, was received in Boston, the "*Sons of the Pilgrims*" were celebrating in Concert Hall the anniversary of the first Landing of the Fathers. The company all standing, were singing a hymn, written for the occasion, which closed with this stanza:

"Hail, *Pilgrim Fathers* of our race,
With grateful hearts your toils we trace.
Oft as this *native day* returns
We'll pay due honours to your urns."

When the tolling of the bells announced the melancholy tidings to the citizens.—The effect was electrical.—Each one soon knew the cause.—The singing ceased.—The company continued standing in expressive silence.—Judge Davis traced with his pencil the following additional stanza to the hymn:—

"Ah! while we gather round your urn
Joins your blest band, great *Washington.*
Hark to that *knell!* A Nation's sighs
Waft his pure spirit to the skies."

This stanza was sung, and the company retired in sadness, each one to his home. *Bost. Centinel.*

Newspapers.—There were but seven papers in the United States in 1750, in 1810 there were 359, including 25 published daily, which circulated 22,000 000 copies in the year. In 1823, they had increased to 588, and at present they are about 640. The number of copies circulated in the year by these journals exceed 30.000,000. In the British isles, in 1821, with twenty millions of people, the number of Newspapers was estimated to be 284, and the copies printed annually 28.000,000. *Philad. Gaz.*

SUMMARY.

Riot in England.—On the 6th of June, at the time of an election to parliament, a dreadful riot took place at Carlisle. The people pelted one of the candidates with stones, till he took refuge in a private house. Military force was called in to suppress the riot, who fired upon the people *as they were retiring*, and severely wounded five or six persons. One or more died soon after.

In the last number of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, there is an account of a very extraordinary proposal, viz. to communicate verbal intelligence in a few moments to vast distances, and this not by symbols as in the Telegraph, but by the human voice The plan originated with Mr Dick, an Englishma, who states that the human voice may be made intelligible at the distance of 25 or 30 miles

Shocking Disaster.—Yesterday a detachment of Capt. Watrous' company of militia, with two field pieces, commenced firing 69 guns, agreeably to city arrangements for honoring the memory of Mr. Adams and Jefferson, when after the discharge of about twenty rounds, one of the pieces went off while two of the men Mr. Wm. Holmes and Mr. Benjamin Knowles, were in the act of ramming down the cartridge by which misfortune each had an arm blown off below the elbow, and their remaining hands dreadfully shattered. Each has had an arm amputated, and the others will probably require to be taken off.

A part of the ramrod made a deep incision in the breast of Mr. Holmes, his eyes are both out, and his life is despaired of. A hand and part of an arm were blown 12 rods. Mr. Holmes is a poor man, with a family. *New London Gaz.*

A Mr Shurtleff, of Carver, was committed to the jail in this town on Thursday last, charged with the murder of his wife.—*Plymouth Mem.*

In Haymarket, Virginia, a mulatto man lately killed an old black woman, because she objected to his carrying off a white girl He was, however, secured by a stout slave, and sent to prison.

A coloured boy, in attendance at a tan yard in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, was lately accidentally drawn into the mill used for grinding bark, and both his legs and one arm were torn off in a most shocking manner.

Artificial teeth.—Charles W. Peale of Philadelphia, says he manufactures teeth of porcelain—glazes and hardens them so as to be light and incorruptible—and moulds and fits them to the gums, so as to answer all the purposes of natural teeth, without paining or incommoding the wearer. He has himself worn a complete set of these teeth for many years, and has the testimony of many respectable individuals who have made trial of it, to the excellence of his method.

Land Serpent.—The Montreal papers mention, that a mammoth snake had lately appeared in that vicinity It had been repeatedly seen, and was supposed to have destroyed several sheep and calves. It is judged to be 30 feet long and as large as a stout man.

There are, says the Buffalo Patriot, upwards of *three hundred* house carpenters and joiners now in this village, not a single one of whom but has full employment.

American Colonization Society.—The Winder Lodge of Baltimore have passed resolutions, appropriating twenty dollars of their funds to be subscribed to the American Colonization Society, and directing a correspondence to be opened with other Lodges in Maryland and elsewhere on that subject.

Unhappy Occurrence.—On Tuesday, as a canal boat was entering one of the locks a short distance west of Schenectady (N. Y.) a young married woman, Mrs. Wilson, of the State of Mississippi, was thrown, by the striking of the bow of the boat, into the lock drowned. She, together, with her husband, was a passenger on board the boat, and at the time was sitting in a chair near the bow, and was engaged in reading. Immediate steps were taken to recover the body; but it was not effected until the water was drawn from the lock; and then too late to restore it to life. Mr W. is a respectable citizen of Mississippi, and was travelling to Connecticut on a visit The sympathy of the passengers was much excited in behalf of the unhappy husband; and every exertion made to aid in the recovery and restoration of the body.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A NEGROE SALE AT DEMARARA.

The following very interesting account of a Sale of Negroes, is taken from Dr. Pinckard's late publication entitled, "Notes on the West Indies," a work well worthy the attention of the friends to the Abolition of the Slave Trade, as it contains fresh proofs of the degraded and miserable situation of our African brethren, who are the victims of that wicked trade.

[*Zion's Herald.*

A few days ago, I had the opportunity of being present at a more regular sale or market of slaves than I had seen before; and here I witnessed all the heart-rending distress attendant upon such a scene. *I* saw numbers of our fellow-beings regularly bartered for gold, and transferred like cattle, or any common merchandize, from one possessor to another. It was a sight which European curiosity had rendered me desirous to behold, although I had anticipated from it only a painful gratification. I may now say, I have seen it! and while nature animates my breast with even the feeblest spark of humanity, I can never forget it!

The poor Africans who were to be sold, were exposed naked in a large empty building, like an open barn.—Those who came with intention to purchase, minutely inspected them, handled them, made them jump, and stamp with their feet, and throw out their arms and their legs, turn them about, looked into their mouths, and according to the usual rules of traffic with respect to cattle, examined them, and made them show themselves in a variety of ways to try if they were sound and healthy. All this was as distressful as humiliating, and tended to excite strong aversion and disgust; but a wound, still more severe, was inflicted on the feelings, by some of the purchasers selecting only such as their judgment led them to prefer, regardless of the bonds of nature and affection! The urgent appeals of friendship and attachment were unheeded—sighs and tears made no impression—and all the imploring looks and penetrating impressions of grief were unavailing!—Hungry commerce corroded even the golden chains of affection, and sordid interest burst every tie of nature asunder. The husband was taken away from the wife, children separated from their parents, the companion was bought away from his friend, and the brother not suffered to accompany the sister. In one part of the building was seen a wife clinging to her husband, and beseeching, in the strongest eloquence of nature, not to be left behind him! Here was a sister hanging upon the neck of the brother; and with tears, entreating to be led to the same home of captivity! There stood two brothers, enfolded in each other's arms, mutually bewailing their threatened separation. In other parts were friends, relatives, and companions, praying to be sold to the same master: using signs to signify that they would be content with slavery, might they but toil together! Silent tears, deep sighs, and heavy lamentations bespoke the universal suffering of these poor blacks, and proved that nature was ever true to her feelings. Never was a scene more distressful! Among these unhappy, degraded Africans scarcely was there an unclouded countenance! Every feature was veiled in the silent gloom of wo, and sorrowing nature poured forth in all the bitterness of affliction.

When purchased, the slaves were marked by placing a bit of string, or red or white tape, round their arms or neck. One gentleman, who bought a considerable number of them, was proceeding to distinguish those he had selected, by tying a bit of red tape round the neck, when, I observed two negroes, who were standing together entwined in each other's arms, watch him with great anxiety. Presently he approached them; and after making his examination, affixed the mark only to one of them. The other, with a look of unerring expression, and with an impulse of marked disappointment, cast his eyes up to the purchaser, seeming to say, "And will you not have me too?"—then jumped and danced, and stamped with his feet, and made other signs to signify that he also was sound and strong, and worthy his choice He was nevertheless passed by unregarded; upon which he turned again to his companion, his friend, brother, which ever he was, took him to his bosom hung upon him, and in sorrowful countenance expressed the strongest marks of disappointment and affliction. The feeling was mutual—it arose from reciprocal affection His friend participated in his grief, and they both wept bitterly. Soon afterwards, on looking round to complete his purchase, the planter again passed that way, and not finding any one that better suited his purpose, he now hung the token of choice round the neck of the negroe whom he had before disregarded. All the power of art could not have effected the change that followed; more genuine joy was never expressed! his countenance became enlivened, grief and sadness vanished, and flying into the arms of his friend, he caressed him with warm embraces, then skipped, and jumped, and danced about, exhibiting all the purest signs of mirth and gratification, His companion, no less delighted, received him with reciprocal affection; and a more pure and native sympathy was never exhibited! Happy in being again associated, they now retired apart from the crowd, and sat down, in quiet contentment, hugging and kissing the red signal of bondage, like two attached and affectionate brothers—satisfied to toil out their days for an unknown master, so they might but travel their journey of slavery together. In the afternoon of the same day, I chanced to be present when another gentleman came to purchase some of the slaves who were not sold in the morning. After looking through the lot, he remarked that he did not see any who were of pleasant countenance: and going on to make further objections respecting their appearance, he was interrupted by the vender who remarked, that at that moment they were seen to great disadvantage, as they looked worse "from having lost their friends and associates in the morning." Aye! truly, I could have replied, a very powerful reason why they are unfit for sale this afternoon! If to be of smiling countenance were necessary to their being sold, it were politic not to expose them for long to come. Still some were selected, and the mark of purchase being made, the distressful scene of the morning was, in a degree, exhibited.

A few of the most ill-looking only now remained.—These remained to a future day; and would probably be sold, not to the planters, but to the boatwomen, tailors, hucksters, or some of the inferior mechanics or shopkeepers of the town, at a price somewhat lower than that demanded for the more robust and well looking; and alas! though least able to bear fatigue, these feeble beings would most likely be subjected to a far more heavy slavery than those of the stronger frame.

LATEST FROM LIBERIA.

Office of the Colonization Society, Washington July 28 1825.

Intelligence has been received at the office from Liberia, up to the 28th of May, representing the Colony to be very healthy and in prosperous circumstances. The Government of Sierra Leone has laid a blockade on the line of coast reaching from that Colony to Cape Mount, which promises to destroy, as it has already suspended, the Slave Trade, hitherto carried on from the Gallinas. The Colonial Agent at Mountserado has interdicted the trade from Cape Mount to Trade Town (120 miles) on the ground of a qualified jurisdiction, actually held by the Colony over the whole district of country. It is therefore confidently believed that this odious traffic is forever banished by these measures from three hundred miles of coast. The traffic of the natives is consequently turned into a new channel, and fowls, vegetables, cattle, and rice, in hitherto unknown abundance, are now brought to the American Colony.

"It is a circumstance," says Mr. Ashmun, "you will learn with pleasure, that all the late emigrants from North-Carolina, of all ages and habits, have got safely through the slight fever which assailed them, without a single exception. The Rev. Mr. Holton is far advanced in convalescence, and a commodious School house, of two ground apartments, is building by the people, for additional schools in the Colony. Capts. Chase and Cotterell, of the Colombian Service, have recently been upon the coast, and chased away almost every Guinea-man, known to be between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas. To the former officer, the American Colony is indebted for the liberal donation of 30 stands of arms, 8 casks of gunpowder, and several articles of provisions."

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A late European Journal relates some very singular cases of the efficacy of fat boiled bacon, in indigestion accompanied by constipation. A gentleman who had long suffered from these troubles, and had gone without success through the usual courses of physic, was led by some accidental circumstance to relinquish the use of butter, and substitute fat boiled bacon for it. A slice of this he put between his slices of bread, morning and evening, and soon found his symptoms of dyspepsia began to disappear, his bowels became regular, and his health was restored. Naturally enough, he recommended this to his complaining friend, and it was followed by the same result. Afterwards it was recommended by his physician to a number of his dyspeptic patients and he had the satisfaction to see them mend under its use, and finally all symptoms of disease vanished.—Thus did the fat of bacon, the salutary effects of which we cannot trace to any cause beyond the portion of nitre and culinary salt it contains do more than the blue pill system of Abernethy, or the stomach and liver speculations of Dr. Wilson Philip. Nay, more—it not only removed a disease those systems could not conquer but removed also the consequences of their previous trial.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST POISONS.

A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death by accidental poisonings, and particularly to the melancholy fate of the royal academician.—Mr. Owen, adds:—I may venture to affirm, that there is scarce even a cottage in this country, that does not contain an invaluable certain, and immediate remedy for such events, which is nothing more than a desert spoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately; it acts as an instantaneous emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required By a mistake, where a gentleman took a full ounce of poison instead of salts, the castors were fortunately at hand, and no doubt an invaluable life was preserved to his family by giving the mustard directly.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole day through, and sparkle in the moon-light, and through the morning, onwards to noon day.

"The sun," said the child, "has chased them away in his wrath." Soon after came rain, and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards, "see," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set, a glittering jewelry in the heavens; the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, that what withers on earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

HAPPINESS.

Blest is that man whose happiness is increased at the reflection, that his piety, his wisdom, his kindness, his example, his counsel, his attention, his dilligence, has made a little family community more happy, useful and virtuous.

THE GOOD PASTOR.

From Dr. Humphrey's Pastoral Sermon.

Every Christian pastor, he says, ought to be a pattern of *industry*. His industry should be systematic, and should appear, not in the field of manual labor, but in his study, and in the seasonable and conscientious discharge of his parochial duties.

"Do any thing else, then, with a man who is habitually and incurably indolent, or who has no regard to system in what he does. Send him into your harvest field, when the precious grain is wasting for want of reapers; leave your whole farm to his drowsy management; put him into your counting-house; make him sole agent of a great manufacturing establishment—entrust him with the endless details of the War Office, or the department of State—but O, put him not into the sacred ministry Entrust him not with the care of souls. We want men for this service who have heads, and hearts, and hands to offer; and who are willing to spend and be spent in it."

A Christian minister should be *hospitable*. The poor and the wayfaring should have access to his table.

'I know it may be objected, that this is virtually laying a heavy tax upon the *ministry*, and opening a wide door for imposition. Drones, it may be said, there are and will be among preachers, as well as other classes of men; candidates who can never obtain a settlement, and who will be sure to tax the hospitality of ministers beyond all reasonable endurance. This I am sorry to say, I cannot deny; nor that in obtaining subscriptions for their own emolument, the publishers of religious books, and their agents, sometimes make themselves too long welcome in the families of poor clergymen. But we must not make too much of cases like these, lest it should have the appearance of covetousness The very men who complain of their pastor, and say that he impoverishes his own family, by keeping a great ministerial tavern, would, perhaps, be the last, to commend him for shutting his doors, and constructing the dimensions of his table."

In specifying some of the more *active* and *important* duties of the pastoral office, the preacher adds:

"One of the first duties of a pastor, is to acquaint himself with the state of his flock. For till this is done, how can he know their particular wants, characters, trials, dangers, and necessities? And while he remains ignorant of these, how can he, in his public ministrations, "give to every one his portion in due season." I will venture to say, that half the interest of preaching, and more than half the profit, depends on its being adapted to the ever varying circumstances of the audience. A discourse may be heard with intense interest at one time, and produce a powerful effect upon a whole congregation, which would have passed of as merely decent, a month or even a week before Hence the vast importance of giving a *pastoral* complexion to all your preaching, especially in your own pulpits Hence, also, the common fact, that those pastors, who successfully aim at this, preach better at home than abroad; a most desirable excellence, and a sure pledge of much usefulness"

In a pastor's intercourse with the rich, he should be on his guard, for he will always be in danger; not so often, however, from their unfriendliness, as from their kindness.

"Go not often to their feasts. By so doing, many have been 'snared and taken.' It will, moreover, swallow up too much precious time. What other laborer can afford to sit two hours over a single meal; and who has less time to spare for these ceremonies than a minister of the Gospel? Receive the friendly tokens of your parishioners with gratitude; but beware that their gifts do not bribe you to neglect their spiritual interests. O how hard is it for a pastor, to deal as faithfully in a magnificent drawing room, as in an humble cottage. Especially how difficult to tell your greatest benefactor, that he is an enemy to God, and that without repentance, and faith, and holiness, he must perish! I have often thought that this is one reason, why it is so hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. His wealth, his influence, and his largesses, encompass him about with a kind of triple wall, which a pastor too rarely has the courage to break through, that he may carry to his conscience the unwelcome topics of death and eternity."

HAPPINESS.

Happiness every man must seek. Man cannot but desire to be happy. For the desire of happiness is a principle innate in human nature, manifests itself at the first dawn of reason, and runs co-eval with our very existence. Yet man is not happy. The object of his ardent pursuit continually eludes his eager grasp, and he is restless, anxious, uneasy, and unhappy still. Ten thousand pleasing objects flit before his imagination, show an engaging form, and a smiling aspect, and promise him in their possession, the full accomplishment of all his wishes, the allayment of the soul's vehement thirst. The riches, honours, and pleasures of the world, make their court to man, and promise, or seem to promise, that in them is to be found the very climax of human felicity These objects are pursued with diligence and avidity; they are found, they are embraced; but happiness evades the hand of confident success, and is seen by the eye of disappointment, on the moment of promised enjoyment, again on the wing, far above, and out of reach.

So man will always be disappointed in the search for happiness, unless he search for it in his God and Saviour. Jesus only, can give rest to the unhappy, weary, heavy laden soul. Here the soul finds an object that can sustain it, a being that can fill it, a fountain that can cleanse it, and grace that can make it happy.

Peace mingles now with the very afflictions of life, and inspires content and real pleasure Storms gather around the head of the good man who has taken Jesus for his portion, but he yet enjoys the sunshine of joy The world even recedes, and all earthly bliss withers, decays and dies, yet his soul rests secure on the Rock of ages, and he calmly outrides the storm of life. He has found the centre of his soul, and he is happy.

But he has elevation. The love of God in the heart lays the foundation of hope, solid, joyfully purifying hope, a hope full of immortality. The crown, the city, the everlasting life, glitter in certain prospect in joyful anticipations. Yonder is his home, his father's house, his heaven, and he is happy. The storm rages, but hope, the anchor of the soul, is sure and stedfast, enters within the veil, whither the forerunner hath for us entered, even Jesus; and holds in complete security the little bark, until the last wave shall dash, and in breaking, shall roll the frail vessel safe on shore, with all its store of richest pleasures, to enjoy forever the quiet and glories of immortality.

Rel. Mes.

DOMESTIC.

If we are destitute of domestic peace and happiness, we are deprived of the chief felicity of life. In fact, life cannot be enjoyed in the absence of domestic comfort. For husband, wife, children, to find greater satisfaction abroad than at home, is more than a calamity, it is wo itself. Yet, is not this the case with many, very many families.—And how can it be otherwise, when all is opposition, contention, and insubordination. The husband and wife speak to each other, even about the most ordinary and common concerns of the household, with a spirit, tone, and manner, which manifest the want of love and due respect for each other. They do not quarrel and fight, but they always seem under the influence of irritation. They look angry, they snap and snarl at each other, and each appears afraid of saying some kind thing to the other. And even the kind things they do to one another, are done with such an ill grace, that the charm is lost, and no favour is conferred or felt; and, as Young says,

"United jar, and yet are loath to part."

Do they take this course, because they have no affection for each other? It would seem not. They would be very unwilling to have it thought or said that they do not love each other; but they have very mistaken notions of independence; and they endeavour to avoid any thing that looks like servility, tenderness, or what they would call childish affection. But at any rate, the mischief is done, and the quiet of home is destroyed. Abroad you will see them look placid and appear cheerful, at home morose and gloomy.

The children will soon feel and manifest the very same spirit and temper of mind. They will be disobedient to their parents, sour and ill-natured to each other. For what such families call government, is nothing but domestic war. The father and mother perhaps, each in their turn, will get into a rage and fight with some one of the children, which they call correction; but they never make them mind: the child is only insulted, and made disobedient, and obstinate, and cruel. The house a bedlam. For when children are indulged to excess, and punished to excess, they will soon learn neither to love, respect, nor obey their parents. In such a family, there can be no domestic comfort. In a future paper we shall endeavour to point out the remedy for this evil. *ib.*

FROM CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, D. D.

The wicked cannot be eternally punished, says the philosopher, for it is contrary to my reason Thy reason, replies the Almighty, what reason hast thou to judge of my purposes? As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than thy thoughts. The portion of reason which I have given thee, is sufficient, if rightly exercised, to teach thee to believe all that I declare, whether thou understandest it or not.

But the philosopher will not submit his reason to God: he chooses to be an infidel. He laughs at the ignorance and obstinacy of the rustic, who refuses to believe that the earth moves round the sun, because it contradicts the evidence of his sight; while he, himself, more stupidly ignorant, more unpardonably obstinate, disbelieves the word of God.

THE
Luminary.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

LEXINGTON:
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1826.

Communicated for the West. Luminary.

MAYHEW MISSION.

Extract of a letter from the Revd. Cyrus Kingsbury, superintendent of the Mission, dated

"MAYHEW, C. N. *18th July*, 1826.

To the Young Ladies Missionary Society, Lexington, Kentucky.

Dear Friends,

Your letter of the 20th ult. by your secretary, Miss Blythe, was received on the 12th inst. Four days afterwards we received, by way of New Orleans and Mobile, the box you sent in April 1825, in which we found your letter dated the 1st of that month. The articles were all in perfectly good order.

I should be glad to give you many particulars respecting the schools here. On the 11th inst. there was an examination of the children at this place, which I believe was considered by the visitors as quite interesting; and I believe if our friends from Lexington had been here, they would not have seen occasion to regret what they have done for this school. Forty-seven native children were examined, and seven belonging to the mission family. A great variety of specimens of useful needle work, knitting, &c. which had been performed by the girls, were exhibited.

The following are brief extracts from letters left by visitors, viz. From Col W. Ward, U. S. Agent:—"At the examination of the students yesterday, of the Mayhew Schools, I was not a little gratified at the improvement of the children since the last year. Indeed some of the answers to the various questions upon Geography, were equal to any thing I have heard at the north, by pupils of the same age.

"The recitations of the Scriptures were no less to be applauded. I may justly say that Miss Burnham's mode of instructing the girls is better calculated to make useful women, than any thing I have seen."

From another letter by three gentlemen of Mississippi:—

"We have been highly pleased and agreeably disappointed in the very excellent manner in which the scholars, both male and female have performed their examinations, and the great improvement in learning they have made. They certainly greatly surpass all just expectation. It can confidently be said that they are equalled by few of the schools among the whites, and perhaps surpassed by none. We are convinced that a visit to this station by the most prejudiced, would convince them that there exists little cause of complaint."

The last extract was written by Stephen Cocke, Esq. brother of the Hon. John Cocke, member of Congress and Chairman of the Committee on Indian affairs.

To the above extracts I need not add; only to say, that if we had evidence that our pupils were making progress in religion, as in human knowledge and improvement, it would be most gratifying.

As the vacation had commenced and the children left before your letter arrived, they will not have it in their power to write you at this time. I enclose a few specimens, and a copy of a letter written by one of the girls of mixed blood (half Chakta) for another purpose, as you will see—also the letter of Susanna Moore to the Ceylon B. S. in her own hand writing, and a copy of her address at the examination. —Susanna Moore is also what is commonly called here a half breed.

As it respects the salvation of this people our prospects are dark indeed. But the Lord can make the work easy in his own good time. We tender you our grateful acknowledgments, for the aid and encouragement you have continued to grant to this mission. We pray that your labours of love may be recompensed a hundred fold upon yourselves; and may your friends in this nation ever have a remembrance in your prayers, that we may never be left barren trees in the vineyard of the Lord.

Your very sincere friend,
C. KINGSBURY.

—

MAYHEW SCHOOL, *C. N. June 24th*, 1826.

To the Female Bible Society of the Ceylon School.

Dear unknown Friends,

Though you are strangers to us we think you would like to receive a letter from your Chakta friends in America in the state of Mississippi.

We think those of you who have studied Geography have often seen Mississippi on the map. We know nothing about you only what we have read in the Missionary Herald, but we should like to commence a correspondence with the girls at Ceylon. It would be very gratifying to us here if the girls on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean would write to us who are at Mayhew School in the Chakta nation. We too are instructed by Missionaries who were sent by the same Society which sent the Missionaries to you; the Missionaries were sent to you before they came here. We thought we would endeavour to assist you in some way in your benevolent exertions of distributing Bibles to your poor countrymen who are in the road to hell; and for that purpose we formed ourselves into a Society, which we call the *Female Bible Society of Mayhew School*, and have sewed Saturday afternoon from about 2 o'clock untill 5, and have earned $12, which we sent to the American Board, and $5.57 which we have received from the friends of Missions, making $17.57.

The Missionary Herald told us about you and your names, and how far advanced you were in your studies, and said that some of you had an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. We were very glad to hear all these things; we cannot tell you any thing very interesting about ourselves, but it is interesting to us to hear from you. There are none of us about here that think much about God, or are anxious about our souls.

And if we do not repent of our sins, we must go down to hell and be tormented day and night, and live for ever, and ever, and never die, and if we want water to cool our parched tongues cannot get any. I hope you all will pray for your friends at Mayhew that they may be enabled to perform what they have begun in assisting you. Pray that we may have an interest in the Redeemer. The schools at Mayhew are favoured with health. We suppose you would like to know how we spend our time here at Mayhew. In the morning Miss B our teacher, rings the bell for us, and we rise and comb and wash, and some one reads in the Bible, and we sing, and sometimes we recite scripture, and then after prayers we go into the school room and write until breakfast, and then we have meat and bread and coffee, and then we come to our rooms and do any work that is assigned us; then at 9 Miss Burnham rings the bell for school, and we read in the Bible and pronounce in the Dictionary, and spell, and some get lessons in the spelling book; and we study until the bell rings for dinner, and we have meat and bread and vegetables, and then at 2 o'clock the school bell rings and we go into school; my class have studied the Acts of the Apostles, and have recited the most important parts of it, and told all the places where the apostles travelled; and another class read in the English Reader, and another class read in a Book called Pious Stranger. We rose so early that we studied by candle light in the winter. My class have studied Geography in the evening, but now the days are longer we study Geography in the afternoon.

[Here follows a list of the names and ages of the girls in the school, 20 in all, from 7 to 19 years of age.]

Please to accept of this small donation to your Society as a testimony of our friendship and sincere desire for your best good.

Please to write to us as soon as you receive this letter.

From your affectionate friends and well wishers

SUSANNAH MOORE, Sec'ry.

—

Mayhew School. C. N. July 11, 1826.

TO CAPT. FOLSOM,

Respected Sir,

I am happy that I have this opportunity of saying a few words to you. We rejoice to think that we have a Chief who is a friend to his people, and wishes their good, and favors the schools in the nation. Had it not been for you and the friends of missions, we think we should have been wandering about in the wilderness. We have heard people say that the missionaries here do us no good, and now is the time for them to see if we are in the same situation that we were 3 or even 4 years ago.

We think you will still be a friend to help the schools all in your power, and we hope you will not be discouraged with your people. We hope God will make you instrumental in doing good to your nation.

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to say a few words to you in behalf of the school.

We thank you for coming to attend our examination; we hope you will not be disappointed in what we are able to perform, we know we are very deficient and we are just beginning to learn.

Please to excuse all the errors you find in us. We hope you will consider that we have had but little opportunity to learn.

Now permit us as a school all as one to thank the mission family for their kindness to us in sickness and in health. You have been friends indeed.—You have treated us as if we were your own children. We hope your labours will not be lost.

Please to excuse our ungratefulness to you. We ask your prayers for us now and when we are absent, that we may walk in wisdoms ways which are pleasant, and all her paths are peace. SUSANNAH MOORE.

OBITUARY OF MRS. BENEDICT.

To the Editor of the Western Luminary.

Dear Sir,

Having in many instances been profited by perusing biographical sketches of pious persons, whose lives and deaths were the most incontrovertible testimonies of the truth of that religion which is first pure, then

peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of good works, I have been induced to forward the following brief biography of one, whom of all others I knew the best, hoping that through mercy it may be the means of arousing some precious soul from the lethargic slumbers of sin.

Mary O. Taylor was born near Lexington, Fayette Co Ky in 1787. From her earliest years she was frequently impressed with serious thoughts of death, and often felt that she was a sinner against God; but being of a lively and volatile turn of mind, her seriousness would soon give way to those amusements usual to her age and sex. These departures from the rules of propriety in the sight of infinite purity, were, to her dying hour, a source of sorrow and regret.

She thus continued alternately to resolve against sin, and to yield those resolutions to her favourite amusements, until, with a group of gay associates, she was induced to attend a camp meeting in Woodford Co. in 1821. She often remarked that she went with as much careiessness, and as little sense of the necessity of a change of heart and disposition, as she had ever experienced. But God, who is kind and merciful, plenteous in redemption, and who delighteth not in the destruction of his creatures, was pleased to direct the arrow of conviction to her heart, and so entirely to shake the sandy foundation on which she had been supinely resting, that from that time she began in earnest to seek after that rest which remaineth for the people of God; and a few weeks after, to her inexpressible joy, she found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have written. She united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and continued to the day of her death, to witness the truth and sincerity of her profession by a godly walk and an upright conversation. In 1822 she became the consort of Horace Benedict, a local preacher in that connexion, and continued to discharge the duties of her station, as in the presence of God, till July 1823, when she became a mother, and was seized with an inflammatory complaint which terminated in a confirmed pulmonary affection, under which she suffered the residue of her life.

In the moments of her most exquisite sufferings, she would often advert to the sufferings of her Saviour, and prayed that, as the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, so hers might, through his merits, work out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

In March 1824, she was called to resign her darling and only child, one doubly endeared by peculiar circumstances, to the relentless hand of death; but she mourned not as those who are without hope; nay, but infidelity itself might have been put to the blush at beholding her calm and pious resignation; though debilitated in body, her soul was abundantly supported and enabled to rise above sublunary grief. Her health continued to decline and her sufferings to increase, until the 22nd day of June 1826, when she closed her eyes on earthly objects, and took her triumphant flight to the mansions of rest. Her last days were truly her best days Her constant theme was, "how can it be that so unworthy a creature as I have been, should be so happy! Oh the goodness and the mercy of my Saviour! Oh! the blessed prospect of Heaven! I am happy, happy, happy!" Not even the smiles of an infant daughter of the tender age of 15 months, doubly endeared to her by her maternal sufferings; nor her ardent desire for its welfare, could call up a wish to remain. She commended it and her husband to her faithful Saviour, bade us all an affectionate farewell, said she felt that her work was done, and triumphantly left this vale of sorrow for mansions in the skies.

May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like hers.

Thus lived, thus died, Mary O. Benedict, aged 38.

Reader, be thou also ready! for what shall it avail if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

H. B.

THE LATE ELECTION.

It is now ascertained, that the majority in the next legislature in favour of the Old Court, will be *at least* 10 in the lower house, and 4 in the Senate.

Mistake corrected —Wm. M'Bee, who was killed in this town, on the 9th inst. was from Scott county, instead of Cincinnatti.

Paris, Ky. Aug. 19.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Thompson Pullam, the grandson of Captain Thomas A. Thompson, was brought to an untimely end on Saturday evening last, by the accidental discharge of a rifle. He, with the sons of James M'Clure, Esq. and Benjamin Varnon, took a gun in the afternoon, and went in quest of squirrels. After exploring the woods for some time without success, they retired to a beautiful spot for the purpose of shooting at a mark. Each of the company had fired a round, with the exception of the junior son of Esquire M'Clure. After this youth had levelled and prepared the triggers ready for a fire, the deceased stepped between the mouth of the muzzle and the mark, to pick up his hat, observing jocularly that he was fearful *William M'Clure* would shoot through it. At this moment the little boy moved the gun for the purpose of turning the muzzle in another direction, when the gun went off and discharged its contents into his body just below his left breast. He instantly exclaimed, "*I am dead! I am dead!*" and after stepping three or four steps, he sunk in the arms of his youthful companions, by whom he was surrounded, to rise no more until the last dreadful day! He had just entered his eighteenth year. *Western Citizen.*

Charles, whose trial for murder had commenced, but was not completed, on Wednesday, made his escape from jail early on Thursday morning, and is now running at large. Capt. Scott, the Jailor of this county, offers one hundred dollars for his apprehension.

We learn that on Sabbath last, on crooked creek, Nicholas county, a Mr. Richey was stabbed in the right side by a certain Thomas Smith, of which wound he expired on Tuesday evening, and Smith has made his escape. *Ib.*

Barbarous. A letter from the Yellow Banks, dated August 13th, relates a disgusting, shocking occurrence, as follows:—

"Thomas Crews, of this county, was murdered by a young man of this town, (Joseph Potts,) on Wednesday evening, about dark. Crews and Thomas Potts fought, and Crews bit his under lip entirely off. His brother Jo hearing of it, came out into the street, gathered a large stick, and gave Crews a fatal blow upon the head, so that he expired next morning. I am glad to state that the controversy did not grow out of the election." *Reporter.*

Gauly Bridge burned.—This splendid work, the pride of western Virginia, was, on the morning of the 14th July, completely destroyed by fire. It was the work of incendiaries Two men have been apprehended on suspicion, and are now in jail, awaiting their further examination, by the called court, which has been summoned to meet for that purpose.

This bridge was on the James and Kanawha road, and crossed Gauly river just above its junction with the New, or Kanawha river. It was 571 feet in length, built of wood, entirely covered, and was supported by two stone piers of excellent workmanship. The whole cost about 20,000 dollars.

A third fire in Petersburg.—Our sister town of Petersburg has been eminently unfortunate. Since the 15th inst. she has been three times the prey of fire.—On Saturday night last, a vivid light was seen by one or two persons of this city in that direction; and it was immediately pronounced to be a new fire in Petersburg. The conjecture was too true. The fire is said to have commenced in a wooden building on Baird's Alley, running from Bank to Old Street, and to have consumed some 15 or 20 buildings, generally of small value. [*Richmond Enquirer.*

UNION COLLEGE.

The annual Commencement of Union College was held in the Dutch Church, in Schenectady, on Wednesday of last week. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 71 young gentlemen, members of the late senior class. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Hon. Jaaez D. Hammond. Dr. James Law, and Dr. John Taylor Temple. *N. Y. Observer.*

THE CEDAR APPLE.

A gentleman of unquestionable veracity called at our office this week and informed us of an experiment which was made a few days ago with this apple on a coloured child about two years old, at his farm in this neighborhood, the result was truly satisfactory. The child took the apple of last year's growth, reduced to powder, and prepared in syrup, two successive mornings, fasting; the consequence of which was the expulsion of more than a *pint of worms.* The child, though much reduced and debilitated by fevers previously to the apple being administered, is now doing well, and has had a complete return of appetite for food

Maryland Gazette.

FROM GREECE.

Accounts from Alexandria in Egypt, March 13th, state that a reinforcement of 5000 men for Ibrahim Pacha, sent by his father the viceroy, was on the eve of embarking. These Arab troops are represented as impatient to place themselves under the triumphant standard of the conquerer of the Morea.

The following private letter, dated Zante, 15th ult and which appears in the Paris papers, gives some shocking details of the atrocious conduct of the Turks on their capture of Missolonghi. The palace of the Sultan at Constantinople was decorated with "trophies of human heads, and festoons of ears and noses"—and these are the barbarians whose aggressions upon the brave Greeks, are looked upon by Christian statesmen with perfect apathy and indifference!—"The details of the sacking of Missolonghi are but imperfectly known, as the approach of Ionian coasters is forbidden; but we know that Ibrahim cut off 5 or 6 000 heads, some of which were sent off daily to Constantinople. The body of Bishop Joseph was salted whole, as a present for the Sultan. The women and young girls were distributed to the officers and privates, to be disposed of as each thought proper. The churches were all destroyed, except one, which was converted into a mosque. Previous to being murdered, the people found at Missolonghi were put to the torture, for the purpose of extracting from them whether there was not treasure hidden in the fortress. Upon the Christian legations at Constantinople receiving official intelligence of the fall of Missolonghi, they sent their dragomans to congratulate the Sultan, and there, on entering the palace, had to pass amidst trophies of heads and festoons formed of ears and noses."—*N. Y. Obser.*

MARRIED,

In Newark, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Hay, Mr James Holmes, Missionary to the Chickasaw Indians, to Miss Sarah Ann Van Wagenen, daughter of Mr. Peter Van Wagenen,

From a late London paper.

AREOSTATION.

The following are the particulars given by Mr. Green of the phenomena observed by him during his late ascent. He states, that from the stormi ness of the weather he entertained serious apprehensions, lest in rising from the ground, the balloon should be driven against one or other of the surrounding houses; and, in order to guard against such a calamity, caused it to be inflated considerably beyond the extent originally intended. By this precaution they gained an ascending power, which carried them rapidly, and almost perpendicularly, to a considerable elevation, when, entering a cloud, they lost sight of the earth. They continued for some minutes to pass through a succession of clouds which were piled one above another, those lowest being, as usual, most dense and opaque, and at last emerged into a pure expanse, in which not a cloud or vapor was to be seen, and where the sun was shining with the utmost brilliancy. They soon experienced excessive heat, the rays of the sun being concentrated, and reflected back upon them from the clouds below, and the thermometer, which a few minutes before was below 50d. rose rapidly to 70d. The expansion of the gas produced by this increase of temperature was so great, that although the valve was opened to its greatest extent to admit of its escape, they still continued to ascend, and in 17 minutes from the time of quitting the earth, they found themselves at the height of nearly two miles above its surface.—The barometer, which had stood at 29 degrees and 7 10ths *on their rising* from the ground, was now found to have sunk to 21 and 3-10ths. On looking down from this elevation at the clouds through which they had passed, Mr. Green says, they appeared to him just like a vast extent of country covered with snow. They also now perceived in the clouds opposite to the sun, a most beautiful and perfect reflection of their balloon and its appendages, encircled by two haloes, presenting, with the utmost vividness, all the various colours of the rainbow. The nearest halo was about 100 yards from the reflected balloon, and the other one about twice as far—The former was the more brilliant.—The clouds in which this curious illusion was observed were about 1000 feet distant. Mr Green states the appearance to be far from unusual, but that he never remembers having seen it when the sun was more than fifty or less than forty degress above the horizon. It is not, often, he says, that the colours are so vivid as on this occasion. The illusion did not cease during the whole time they remained at this height, but followed the progress of the balloon, and afforded the aeronauts, by its motion, an easy mode of ascertaining the direction they were proceeding in. It has been stated, that birds let loose at this height betray symptoms of fear, and soon become exhausted, owing to the extreme rarity of the air. On the contrary, three let fly on this occasion (and Mr. Green says he has observed the same thing on many former ones) kept flying about in all directions near the balloon, and had not commenced their descent so long as they remained in sight of the aeronauts. In the course of the evening they returned home, without appearing in the least exhausted. After continuing at this elevation nearly an hour, Mr. Green commenced his descent, and in about a quarter of an hour was sufficiently near the earth to be able to ascertain that he was floating over part of Kent; but on descending one hundred feet lower, the balloon entered into a fresh current of air, which carried him across the river into Essex, and in a few minutes after he had effected a saf and easy landing on the estate of Joseph Martin, Esq. at Rainham, near Barking. Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with true English hospitality, invited the travellers to their respective houses, but Mr Green, anxious to convince his friends in London of his safety, declined their invitations; and having procured a post-chaise, returned to this metropolise by 10 o'clock at night, bringing with him his balloon. The valve by which the escape of the gas is regulated is upon a new construction and is so decided an improvement, that Mr. Green says he can exhaust his balloon in one-tenth of the time it used previously to require for that purpose.

As a general observation, Mr. Green states, that at an elevation of 3000 feet, the earth appears to be one continuous level, the houses and trees appearing as so many coloured patches upon its surface. Indeed, so perfect is the illusion, that Mr. Green, jr. on the occasion of his first trip, actually mistook a plantation of trees for a bean field.—Rivers and lakes are at all times discernable objects, and when the sun is shining upon them, have all the appearance of highly polished metal; the former, Mr. Green compares to a vein of silver running along the face of the earth. When the sun does not shine on these objects, they have a dull heavy aspect. The appearance of the sea, when the sun was shining on it, Mr. Green pronounces to be grand in the extreme, presenting, as far as the eye could reach, one vast sheet of polished steel.

POWER PRINTING PRESSES.

We copy from the New-York Gazette, the following description of the power presses employed in the Tract Society House. It was communicated at the request of the Editors, by Mr. Daniel Fanshaw, printer to the Society. *N. Y. Observer.*

Mr. Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, is the inventor, and has had several of his power presses at work in that city for the last four years; but would not allow even prioters to see them, as he had made no application for a patent till the last spring. Each press occupies a space 5 feet by 13. The frame is much like that of the common standing press. The platen is like that of the common printing press, and gives the impression with what is called by printers "the long, soaking pull." The bed, on which the form lies, is drawn in and out by straps. The paper is laid on the frisket by a girl, [there is no tympan,] and when printed, taken off by another, who stands at the opposite side of the press. The laying on and taking off the paper is all the labour, the machine performing the remainder of the process of printing. The blankets receive the air at every impression, by being drawn up in front of the press as the form is running from under the platen. At each impression, the rollers, (which are of a soft elastic composition) supply themselves with ink, and commence the operation of distribution, on a round turning table, previous to applying the ink to the form.

Four of these presses are worked by turning a shaft, and require the power of a horse. I use a small steam engine, similar in appearance to a cooking stove; it occupies the space of two feet by four, and is the inven ion of Mr. Isaiah Jennings, of this city; it consumes less than half a cord of pine wood per week; and is worthy the attention of manufacturers, and proprietors of packets.

The inventor of the press has so admirably construc ed and timed the movement of each part of the machine, that nothing which we think necessary for fine work in the common printing presses, is lost sight of in this.

The presses can work as fast as it is possible to feed them with paper; but I drive them with little more than twice the velocity of the common printing press. Going at that rate, they produce work far superior to what I can obtain from my other presses. One great excellence of the machine I have endeavoured to describe is, that it does not wear out type more than half as fast as it is worn in the common way of printing.

The price of four presses, with the right to use them, I think, will not exceed 7000 dollars.

The inventor is now building one for a newspaper in Boston. *It* is to be worked by a boy or man, turning a crank. One boy will be required to put on the sheet, and the machine will lay it aside on a table as it is printed.

PARLEYING WITH TEMPTATION.

Suppose there was a garden or pleasure ground, furnished with the most charming productions of every climate, but, on entering it, you were well assured that it was full of scorpions and deadly vipers,--would you walk through its rosy paths, or slumber in its deadly shades! Your foes might persuade you to enter, and say no harm could attend it: they might tell you some were able to handle the most poisonous serpents without being hurt: but your friend would cry, "Flee!—Try not the foolish experiment: risk not your life for a few gay flowers and luscious fruits."—Or, suppose a city offered you the most inviting prospects of advancing in trade or rising in wealth and honor;—while a plague raged within its walls, and and swept off thousands of its inhabitants, would you go and dwell there? The warning voice of every one who wished you well would be, "Escape without delay, even from the very neighbourhood of the infection. Say not, Some have lived amid the plague, and not caught it,—and why may not I? Hang not your confidence on slender peradventures. Flee from the contagious air lest you die."

Go not into those scenes of amusement which have captivated and corrupted so many thousands of young people. Plays, balls, cards, and midnight festivities, introduce evils of every kind. They strike sparks over the tinder, and when youthful passions are excited, they blow up the fire.

Two farmers' boys, while they were feeding the cattle, amused themselves by setting fire to the haystack and then putting out the blaze. At last the flame suddenly rose above their reach, and in a short time consumed the hay, cattle, barn, and all. It is thus that the young often play with the fire of those passions which they imagine they can stop, and quench when they please; but when once the flame is kindled, it mocks resistance; and burns to their destruction! Beware of parleying then, with temptation.—*Youth's Instructer.*

REFLECTIONS AND MAXIMS.

Bounds of Charity.—Lend not beyond your ability, nor refuse to lend out of your ability; especially when it will help others more than it can injure you. If your debtor be honest and capable, thou hast thy money again, if not with increase, certainly with praise. If he prove insolvent, do not ruin him to get that which will never hurt thee to lose. For thou art but a steward and another is thy owner, master, and judge. The more merciful acts thou doest from benevolent motives, the more mercy thou wilt receive from God's free bounty. And if in the charitable employment of thy temporal riches thou dost gain, by grace, the everlasting treasures of religion, thy profit will be infinite—thou wilt have found the art of multiplying indeed.

Frugality and Bounty.—Frugality is good if charity be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last, bestowing them upon others who need them. The first without the last, is the beginning of covetousness, and the last without the first, is the beginning of prodigality. The two united make an excellent temper and character. Happy the society where such an union is found. Were it universal, we should be cured of two extremes—want and excess; for the one would supply the other, and bring both to a proper mean, which is the greatest degree of earthly happiness. It is a reproach to religion and government to suffer either poverty or excess to exist in society. Were the superfluities of a nation valued and made a perpetual tax in favour of benevolence, there would be more alms houses than poor--schools than scholars, and enough to spare for the support of government and the sick. Hospitality is good if the poor are the subjects of our bounty; if not, it is near akin to superfluity.

EARTHQUAKE.

A letter has been received in this city, dated at Bogota, the 19th of June, which mentions that a violent earthquake was experienced there in the evening of the 17th. Great consternation was excited among the inhabitants. Several lives were lost, and considerable damage was done to many houses. *N. Y. Observer.*

India.—*It* is stated that 40 villages, containing 4000 people, in the southern part of Hindostan, have renounced heathenism, demolished some of their temples, and converted others into Christian churches.

NUMBER OF JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following statements are given in the N. A. Review, on the authority of Mr. Hardy, a member of the Reformed Society of Israelites in Charleston, S. C.

"In the New England States there cannot be more than three or four hundred in all: in Pennsylvania, about that number; in New York, about nine hundred and fifty; in Virginia, about four hundred; in North Carolina, about four hundred; in South Carolina, about one thousand and two hundred; in Georgia, about four hundred; in Florida, thirty or forty; in Louisiana, about one hundred; and making a large allowance for the scattered and unknown, I think six thousand the *maximum*.

"Emigration is not so great now as it was formerly, except to New York. South Carolina had formerly the largest number of emigrant Israelites. Charleston alone had a congregation of six hundred. I think that Charleston has been stationary, in this respect, for the last twenty years, and that the city of New-York certainly equals it, and soon will double it.

"As to the descent of the Jews of the United States, they are principally German and English; though South Carolina has a portion of Portuguese and French. The Reformed Society have fifty members, making with their families, upwards of two hundred dissenters. The Jews born in Carolina, are mostly of our way of thinking on the subject of worship, and act from a tender regard for the opinions and feelings of their parents, in not joining the society.

"The principal points aimed at by the reformers, are order and decency in worship, harmony and beauty in chanting, the inculcation of morality and charitable sentiments upon individuals, and the promotion of piety towards the Deity. In these things, the Society believes, consists religion, virtue and happiness; in these, the salvation of every rational and immortal being.

"Although in France the rich Jews, generally, have little or no religion, yet in Bordeaux the Israelites have built a handsome temple, sing with taste and music, preserve great decency and order, and have a portion of the liturgy in French."

FROM INDIANA.

Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Recorder and Telegraph, dated New Providence, Clark county, June 30.

The Presbyterian church is gaining ground in this State. We have now 3 Presbyteries, (embracing 15 ministers and 3 licentiates,) and a Synod by the addition of the Missouri Presbytery. We have 42 churches within our bounds, many of which scarcely have preaching twice in a year. There is generally good attention to preaching, and many are anxious to obtain settled ministers. Able, faithful ministers are much needed. There has been an unusual attention to religion, for a few months past, in the congregations at Salem and Livonia, in Washington Co. under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Martin. As the fruits of the work 19 persons, mostly youth, have been added to the church on profession of their faith. Most of our churches are increasing in numbers although but slowly; it stimulates us with fresh courage to go on in the strength of our Redeemer, for "without Him we can do nothing." The Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," is sounding from every quarter, and our hearts are pained within us, that we can do but little more for them than say "be ye filled."—We hope some of our brethren in New England will pity us, and come to our help. Those who come will have difficulties and hardships to encounter; but what are they, in comparison to the worth of immortal souls? Those, whom Jesus has called to the work, need not fear, for he has promised to be with them even unto the end of the world, and all such as make great sacrifices for Christ and his gospel, "shall receive an hundred fold more in this present time and in the world to come everlasting life."

CELEBRATION AT ITHACA, N. Y.

The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist congregations in Ithaca, N. Y. united in the religious celebration of the 4th of July, the fiftieth anniversary and first Jubilee of our national independence. The several congregations assembled at sunrise, in the Presbyterian church, for social prayer. The meeting was opened by the Rev. John Whiton in a solemn and appropriate prayer for the occasion, followed by the Rev. Mr. Sabine, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and closed by the Rev. Mr. Ward, of the Presbyterian church at Union.

The Methodist Sabbath School assembled at the chapel, and the Presbyterian at the academy, at half past nine o'clock. The latter, with its superintendents and teachers, moved in procession to the chapel, at which place it united with the Methodist school, and proceeded to the Presbyterian church; the scholars of each school wearing appropriate badges, and two scholars supporting in front of each school a standard, with an inscription suited to the occasion. Over the pulpit was placed in golden letters "*Righteousness exalteth a nation.*"

The several congregations assembled at half past 10 o'clock. The exercises were commenced with a short prayer by the Rev. Mr. Giles, and followed by singing the 132d select hymns. After an appropriate and impressive prayer by the Rev. Mr. Sabine, followed the singing of the 148th psalm. The declaration of Independence was read by the Rev. John Whiton, followed by singing 'Lord of all power and might.' An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. William Wisner, followed by a prayer by the Rev. John Whiton. And the exercises were closed with singing Miriam's Song.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free."

A collection was taken up for the purpose of providing with Bibles, the destitute poor of the county.

At the close of the religious exercises of the day, the Rev. William Wisner read the outline of a constitution of a Bible Society for the county of Tompkins, auxiliary to the American Bible Society; to which a number of persons immediately subscribed. A committee was appointed from the different congregations to give notice to the inhabitants of the county, and to appoint a day of meeting to adopt a constitution, and elect officers.—*Republican Chronicle.*

In Light-street Church, Baltimore, after a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Bascom, a collection was taken up amounting to one hundred and eighty four dollars.

LIBERAL BEQUEST.

Mr. John Robinson, late of Rockbridge County, Virginia, bequeathed a large fortune which he had amassed by industry and good management, to Washington College, in Lexington, of which Institution he had been for some years a Trustee. Sometime before his death, he relieved the Ann Smith Academy of its embarrassments by a very handsome donation.

Mr. Robinson had no family. He came from Ireland to this country in early life, and was actively and usefully engaged in the cause of his adopted country during the Revolutionary war. "So far as we know," says the Lexington Intelligencer, "Mr. Robinson is the first individual in Virginia, who ever bequeathed his property to a Seminary of learning. In Europe instances of the kind have frequently taken place. Some cases have also occurred in the New-England States; but south of the Potomac, we believe we might say south of the Delaware, no instance of the kind has ever been known. General Washington set a worthy example in making some handsome bequests for literary purposes. Considering his numerous kindred, he did as much in this way as could have been reasonably expected. May we hope that any of the wealthy in Virginia, will hereafter imitate the example of Washington and Robinson?" *Vt. Chron.*

EXISTENCE OF GOD.

Proof of the existence of God, from his works, by a Pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford aged 17 years.

All things in the heaven and the earth, were made by God five thousand eight hundred and thirty years ago. The sun is an immense body of fire, fixed in the centre of the sky, and its purpose is to rule the day; to give light, that every eye may see, and mankind work every thing with ease and accuracy; and to shine upon the products of the earth, that they may grow well—the planets are revolving around that largest body with much order; the fogs rise from waters, and when the sun shines upon them, they become invisible, but go up into the firmament above another firmament in which the air is; pretty soon after, the clouds spread the sky, and the rain falls down from them, and it is sprinkled on every plant, which afterwards produces fruits of its kind; the lightning darts, of which the thunder is the consequence, and its sound is very sublime and formidable; all this proves the existence of God. Every bird of every kind flies in the air, sings, when the spring comes, and makes nests; every fish of every kind swims in the waters; every insect of every kind creeps, and every beast of every kind lives in wild places, or is tame, and is useful to men, or not; and all these kinds having capacity to feel, show the existence of God. Every creature that is endowed with the image of God, and who can think, feel and act, brings proof of the being of God. If God is not living, how can all these things active stand? These proofs will undoubtedly stand firm, and overcome the thoughts of the Atheist, whose doctrines are greatly erroneous.

CHRISTIAN DEPORTMENT.

A truly Christian deportment is the system of Christian Ethics in an embodied state, rendered the object of our senses. It is, in effect, that lovely form, which Socrates desired to see,—*Virtue incarnate*, or clothed with a human shape. CAMPBELL.

POETRY.

From the Religious Messenger.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SMILE AT DEATH.

As smiles the setting sun, when eve
With night-shades dims the sight,
So Christians when the world they leave,
Smile o'er Death's sullen night.

They smile to view a brighter morn
Illumine the op'ning sky;
So bright that day, that at its dawn,
Death's deepest shadows fly.

They smile, for lo! the One they love
Has walk'd the dreary road,
They smile in death, for there they prove
The life they have with God.

They smile, for there their prospect glows,
With light that beams from heav'n;
Their bosoms swell with holy joy,
They love, and are forgiv'n.

They smile, and close the tearful eye,
And when the strife is done,
The spirit's borne to God on high,
And lives beneath his throne.

DIVINE IMPRESS.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But Heav'n has placed it there!

A early dawn there's not a gale,
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by Heaven.

There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
But Heaven's own voice is there!

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe.

Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast—
For God is every where!

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

The first thing in the morning light,
The chief thing through the busy day,
The last thing ere you sleep at night,
Should be to *watch, reflect*, and *pray*.

From the Edinburg Literary Gazette.

THE TRANSPORT.

A low, confined, growling noise, was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor cried with a loud voice, 'Fire, fire! the ship's on fire'! Holy words died on the prayer's tongue; the congregation fell asunder; and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship. A heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stifling on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands strengthened by toil and storm trembled like the aspen leaf. "Gone, gone, we are all gone!" was now the cry, yet no one knew whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenance, and strove to keep down the audible beatings of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among mouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air; and the deck, mast, sails, and shrouds, were one cracking and hissing sheet of fire.

"*Let down the boat!*" was now the yell of hoarse voices, and in an instant she was filled with life. There was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sunk down at once to oblivion; some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands; some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck; some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, strong in a savage despair tore from the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her babe among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go, husband go; for I am content to die! Oh! live, live, my husband, for our Willy's sake." But in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope the husband looked but for a moment till he saw his child was safe, and then, taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet, when the faithful and the afflicted shall be raised to breathe forever empyrean air.

PUT A BIBLE THERE.

I was of a social turn, and had drawn about me a considerable number of what are called *clever fellows*. We spent a good part of every day, during the dull seasons, in idle conversation and sport. By and by, I found, that although my companions were perfectly respectable, their company was not calculated to improve my mind, or raise me in the estimation of the good. I came to the determination to turn over, as the saying is, a new leaf, but how was I to get rid of the loungers? I could not say to them, 'Gentlemen, I am sick of your company,'—this would be very uncivil. I gave them broad hints, disposed of my extra chairs, and affected to be very busy in posting my books; but all would not do. Loungers never take hints. —One day, I disclosed my case to a very shrewd friend of mine, and beggeo him to tell me, if he could, what I should do. Do? said he, shrugging up his shoulders, I will tell you what to do—*put a Bible there*. I immediately bought me a large Bible and placed it upon the table, and waited the result. The next day my friends, as usual, came dropping in, one after another; I was busy with my papers, yet I saw them start back at the sight of the Bible. Some of them took it up as if to ascertain what book it was; but immediately laid it down again, and withdrew in silence. On the day following I observed them looking in occasionally —but the Bible lay on the table. In short, I was never troubled with loungers afterwards.

Reader, are you a retailer of spiritous liquors, and, are you troubled with those who love to drink, but do not love to pay? Do you see drunkards, *of your own making*, multiply upon your hands until all your decent customers are ashamed to be seen in your shop? Is your shop crowded with tiplers every evening, and can you not shake them off? My friend, I pity you, for the danger is that you will soon become a tipler yourself; but if you are determined to *turn over a new leaf*, and shut up your shop in season and dismiss all your drunken customers, I will tell you of a summary way in which you may do it, and, perhaps, regain your former customers and your lost credit. *Put a Bible there.*

Are you a merchant, and do you find yourself almost overwhelmed with temptations to make false representations respecting your goods? Are you surrounded with neighbours who do not stick at a few *white lies* in order to effect a sale? Is your shop beginning to be deserted because you are too honest? And are you half inclined to give up your integrity for the sake of getting a living? *Put a Bible there.*

Some of our wise merchants have said, 'never suffer a *book* to be brought into your shop,' lest your clerks should begin to read and neglect business. But I tell you, *Put a Bible there.*

Are you a mechanic, and do you find that your apprentices are beginning to talk of plays and parties, and are also beginning to grow loose in their conversation, frequently interlarding it with an oath, and is the business of the shop neglected? *Put a Bible there.*

Are you, even, a professor of religion, and do you find your heart growing cold, or can you see sinners around you and not desire their salvation, or do your actions show you to be as much in love with money, as those who make it their god? If you have any place which you visit more than any other. *Put a Bible there.* *Rec. & Telegraph.*

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

An Anecdote.—Mr. P. being one week day evening in town, and not engaged to preach, asked his friend Mr. S. where he could hear a good sermon. Mr S. mentioned two places. "Well, said Mr. P. tell me the character of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D (said his friend,) exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his *pulpit eloquence*." "Well, what is the other?" said Mr. P. "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C.: he always throws himself in the back ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then, (said the amiable P.) let us go and hear him."

Riches take to themselves wings and fly away—An old divine, commenting on this passage, observes, "Clip their wings by seasonable liberality, and you will keep them at home."

BOOKS,

Printed and published by T T Skillman, and for sale at the West. Luminary office.

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